To be Given to Introduce to Society Mis-Clariose H. Livingston-The Baliroom Walls to be Hung with Vinefand Pink and White Roses-Mr. Kenn and Miss Winthrop to be Married Next Month.



ONDAY evening Miss , Clarisse H. Livingston will be introduced at a ball to be given by her father, Mr. Edward Livingston. The whole of Delmonico's has

been engaged. The decorations will be on a much more elaborate scale than even at the Morris ball. The en tire walls of the ballroom will be hung with the clematis vine alternated with pink and white roses. Klunder will use the Madame Cusin, the Gloire de Paris, the La France, the Gabrielle Louzet,

Catherine Mermet and Anna Alexieff roses for this purpose. Mrs. Frederick Satterlee, a cousin of Mr Livington, will receive the guests. Miss

Clarisse H. Livingston will wear a simple white tulle gown.

Mr. Elliot Roosevelt will lead the german with Miss Livingston for his partner, The favors will be small baskets with high handles and long pink ribbons attached, filled with white violets, pink roses and Hilles of the valley. Lander's and the new Hungarian band of the Eden Musee, with Edelyi Naczi for leader, will play alternately during the evening.

Invitations to the number of 1,500 were is-sued. The invitations include the follow-

ng named persons:

mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, Miss Martha Coster, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Depeyster, the Misses Depeyster, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jones, the Misses McAllister, the Misses Parriah, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jones, the Misses McAllister, the Misses Parriah, Mr. and Mrs. A. Newbold Morris, Miss Morris, Mr. and Mrs. A. Newbold Morris, Miss Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Fliot Rooseveit, Mrs. Valentine G. Hail, Miss Tisse Hail, Mr. Valentine G. Hail, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Schermerhorn, Mr. F. A. Schermerhorn, Miss Schermerhorn, Mr. F. A. Schermerhorn, Miss Schermerhorn, Mr. E. A. Schermerhorn, Mrs. Schermerhorn, Mr. And Mrs. Byam K. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. William Barclay Parsons, and and Mrs. William K. Post, Mr. and Mrs. Capene Schieffelin, Mr. and Mrs. Ward McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. De Lancey Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Kane, Mr. and Mrs. David J. King, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barbey, Mr. William Astor, Mr. John Jacoo Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Richard King, Mr. J. Howard King, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Rutherfurd, Mr. Winthrop Rutherfurd, Mr. Lewis Rutherfurd, Mr. Winthrop Rutherfurd, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyier Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Schuyier Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mr. Robert Stuyvesant, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mr. Robert Stuyvesant, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Coster and Mr. Henry A. Coster. Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, Miss Martha

Henry A. Coster.

One of the largest weddings of the season is yet to take place. It will be that of Miss Winthrop and Mr. Julian H. Keau. The wedding reception will be at the home of Mrs. H. Winthrop in Fifth avenue on Jan. 12.

Mrs. Walker Breese Smith. Mrs. Coleman Drayton and Mrs. F. R. Jones will receive the guests at the first cotillon next Thursday evening at Delmonico's.

Mrs. A. B. Reid, of 121 Madison avenue, will give a reception and dinner on Thurs-

will give a reception and dinner on Thurs

Mr. and Mrs. David Lyall and Miss Lyall will give a reception early in January.

Mrs. Paul E. Rasor and the Misses Jenkins
will give a tea on Saturday afternoon, Dec.
17, at their home, 250 West Fifth-seventh street. Mrs. Frederick Baker, of 815 Fifth avenue,

will give a dance on Thursday evening, Dec 15. The Terrace Bowling Club will meet on Thursday, Jan. 19. for the first meeting for

Thursday, Jan. 19. for the first meeting for this season.

Mrs. Oliver Harriman, of 24 West Fifty-seventh street, gave a dinner of twenty-four covers last evening in honor of her daughter. The table was banked with pink roses.

Mrs. Bradford, of 21 Waverley place, will give a reception on Monday.

Mrs. Morris, of 36 Washington square, will give a dinner for sixteen guests on Tuesday syening.

evening.

Mrs. Samuel J. Colgate, of 4 West Sixteenth street, will give a reception on Wednesday, Dec. 14.

Judge and Mrs. Daly, of 84 Clinton place,

will give a tea on Friday, Dec. 16.

Mrs. Alfred Young, of 7 East Fifty-sixth
street, will give a musicale on the afternoon

Dr. and Mrs. Janeway will give a tea on Dec. 30 at their home, 8 West Eighteenth

street.
A notable society event will be the wedding, on Jan. 3, of Mr. William Manice, who is a general favorite in New York, and Miss Sallie Remsen. It will take place at St. Mark's Church. The Rev. Dr. Joseph H.

ALL BEFORE A MAIDEN FAIR.

Rylance will officiate. The church will be decorated with palms, ferns, and many cut flowers. The marriage will take place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Mrs. E. A. Nichols, of 16 Thirty-ninth street, will give a dance on Tuesday evening.

Miss Eleanor Winslow is visiting Mrs. Townsend Burden, of 5 Madison square.

Mrs. Francis Baker, of 13 East Seventy-fourth street, will give a reception on Tuesday afternoon. day afternoon.
Mrs. Newbold Morris, of 19 East Sixty-

Mrs. Newbold Morris, of 19 East Sixtyfourth street, will give a reception on
Wednesday afternoon.
Mrs. Charles Remsen, of 11 West Ninth
street, will give a dinner to fourteen guests
on Thursday. Pinard will serve.
Mrs. R. Valentine, of Newark, N. J., will
give a large luncheon on Thursday.
Mrs. Courtlandt Palmer, of 117 East
Twenty-first street, will give a reseption this
afternoon, to which 1,300 guests have been
invited. Mrs. Henry Draper, Mrs. John W.
Alexander, Mrs. Gibson and Mrs. Babcock
will assist in receiving.

will assist in receiving.

Mrs. Henry Beste, of 367 Lexington avenue, who gave a reception last winter to introduce Miss Georgina Oñataria, her ward, will receive her friends again this afternoon.

Mrs. James Betts Metcalf will assist in re-

Mrs. Pierre Humbert, Mrs. J. E. Martin, of 42 East Sixty-second street; Mrs. J. Ricketts Lawrence, of 246 East Eighteenth street; Mrs. S. B. Schieffelin, of 958 Madison ave-nue, and Mrs. Woodward, of 6 Gramercy park, will all give receptions this afternoon.

Read a reporter's experience on an ocean tugboat in the Sunday WORLD.

HAVANA'S CIGAR FACTORY LOCK-OUT.

Trade in New York Not Likely to be Affected Should It Last Six Months.

The cable brings the news this morning that the locked-out cigar-makers at Havana have signified their willingness to submit their grievances to arbitration by the Government, and that a speedy end of the difficulty is looked for.

The lock-out affects between seven and eight thousand men, and has resulted in a total suspension of the eigar-making indus-

try in Havana.

Thus far, according to New York manufacturers of Havana cigars, the trouble has not affected the trade in this country, nor is

not affected the trade in this country, nor is it likely to.

The senior member of Lozano, Pendas & Co. said to-day to a World reporter.

"The strike first occurred in Ramon & Allone's manufactory at Havana, the employees demanding that the firm sign a contract or agreement granting them steady employment for a year.

"At the same time the hands employed by Pedro Murias and Cortina & Gomez struck for higher wages—an advance of \$1 or \$2 a thousand. Both demands were refused, and the men in the three factories—the largest in Havana—went out.

Havana—went out.
"The manufacturers at Havana are well

organized, and in order to sustain the firms mentioned they locked out all hands. There is stock enough on hand to supply all demands for six months, and should the factories remain closed that length of time the manufacturers can get along without serious loss of money or trade. loss of money or trade.
"The men are also well organized. They have been receiving from \$12 to \$40 per 1,000 for making cigars, according to size and

quality.

"The packers also have a grievance and are out. They demanded that but one apprentice be permitted in each establishment

every three years.

"All hands are Cubans and Spaniards, with a sprinkling of Chinese. The difficulty does not affect us here, nor does it affect the European contracts for cigars entered into every year by the Havana manufacturers."

Capturing Them Unawares.

Mr. Longhair — Are you the gentleman who writes reading notices which begin with something of startling interest and end with a patent nedicine advertisement?

medicine advertisement?

Writer—I do work of that sort occasionally, sir.

Mr. Longhair—Well, I wish you would get me
up something about a prise-fight, or a trunk murder, or a church scanual, or anything the public
are especially interested in, and then spring on
them: "Are you prepared to die?" "What will
you do to be saved?" "Lay not up for yourself
treasures upon earth," &c. I'm a tract distributor.

A Lucky Dog.

[From Life.]
Brown—You're a lucky dog, Robinson. So you married a girl worth half a million deliars in her

own right.

Robinson (rather more sadly than the circumstances seem to warrant)—Yes.

Brown—You ought to put up the drinks.

Robinson—All right, old man. Just wait while I run into the house and see if I can get a dollar.

A Natural Consequence. Magistrate-If I discharge you this time, Uncle

Rastus, what will you do?

Uncle Rastus—Well, yo' honah, ef yo' discha'ges me I spect I'll go off.

FORT CUSTER, M. T. April 19, 1886.

W. B. RIKER & SON, 355 6th ave., N. Y. City.

GENTS: Please send me (6) six more bottles of you Sarraparrilla, for which you will find postal note in payment. Custer Station, N. P. R. R., Montana Territory.

HIS WIFE'S OTHER HUSBAND.

it and go back to civilization. Grubbing for dirty gold don't satisfy me. I must have something more. I don't know how it agreed with you, strolling round with your guns and dogs, and mooning yourself yellow, but it isn't manly, and I shall drop it."

Sir Edward said nothing for a little time. The three or four months spent in this out-of-the-world retreat in Australia had made him look older and graver, and somehow there seemed to be a stoop in the straight shoulders, as though they carried a heavy burden.

burden.
"There are some circumstances which oblige a man to keep away from his own country sometimes," he said presently.
His companion, a laconic American gold-digger, looked out of his eye-corners. Edward Lascelles, the rector's friend, was about

"An," he said.

"I don't like the life here," said Edward;
"but a prisoner doesn't like the three months,
or three years, which he spends in Pentonville or Millbank."

Edward listened to this tirade with feelings of unqualified amusement. He rose and laid his hand on the American's shoulder.

"Briggs, I'll tell you something now."

"Whatever you please, sir."

"You've got something on your mind."

Mr. Briggs looked astonished.

"And it's about a woman."

Mr. Briggs sank into the reseast chair and

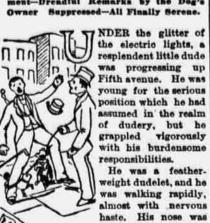
Mr. Briggs sank into the hearest chair and collapsed.

The little shaft, driven by a more skilful hand than his own, had gone straight home, and it rankled.

"You're right, baronet," he said at length — 'you're right. Yes, 'It's all on account of Eliza.' At least, Eliza wasn't her name, but it'll do as well as any other. Any name would be good enough for the party I'm thinking of."

DISTRESSING SCENE ON FIFTH AVENUE UNDER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

ne White Woolly Dog Without a Platfer One Dudelet and One Dog with a Curled Tail All Tangled Up at a Critical Moment-Breadful Remarks by the Dog's



was progressing up Fifth avenue. He was young for the serious position which he had assumed in the realm of dudery, but he grappled vigorously with his burdensome responsibilities.

He was a featherweight dudelet, and he was walking rapidly, almost with nervous haste. His nose was in the air, and he held

a huge cane with deadly determination. The calm repose, so much akin to weary disdain, which veneers the master dude, was not his, He was eager—even brisk. This is a "missed cue" to which incipient dudedom is exposed. But he was young.

As he neared Twenty-third street a man

posed. But he was young.

As he neared Twenty-third street a man was walking in front of him. In the man's immediate vicinity circulated a pair of dogs. They never separated more than a yard, but they sometimes approached nearer than that, One was a little woolley white dog as full of One was a little woolley white dog as full of sweetness as a poet's thoughts. Sometimes this little dog is imitated by art, and stands on a platform which runs on wheels. The art dog looks so much like nature, and the natural dog looks so much like art that the platform with the wheels is almost the only means of surely discriminating them. This little dog had no platform.

The other dog exhibited was a Willoughby pug. His tail was curled so tightly over his back that it must have been a strain on the roots, and a stimulus to thought.

The dude, the Willoughby pug and the woolly white dog presented a study in gait worthy of a philosopher's consideration. There was a family resemblance in the three. It lay in their joyous briskness. It didn't amount to much and it was joggy, but it was soothing and had its uses as a mild antidote

to misanthropy.

At this juncture Fate brought into the plane of these three lives—the dude's and the two other little dogs'—"a maiden fair to see" just ahead.

The little dude concentrated himself so that

The little dude concentrated himself so that he might coruscate with a little bewitching dazzle as he trotted by her.

Just then the dude's off leg seemed to enter into a combination with the brace of dogs. The dude stumbled, the Willoughby pug stood for a brief moment impetuously on his head and the white woolly dog made a spasmodic spurt that gave his nervous system a violent wrench.

The dudelet lifted his legs wildly. He struck out with them, trying to regain his elastic stiffness. The little dogs tumbled around in a series of mixtures as great as can be effected by two.

around in a series of mixtures as great as can be effected by two.

Some occult law seemed to make the gyra-tions of the little dogs dependent on the the movements of the dudelet's leg. They clung to it like ivy to an aged monument. He shook it in the air. He only shook off a pair of barks pitched in different keys, one a soprano agitato, the other a baritone chest note.

ote.

The dogs were there. So was the dude.
The maiden acquired a lively interest in the

The maiden sequired a lively interest in the complication, two messenger boys tarried in their breathless haste, and the owner of the canine pets plunged on the downward path towards profanity.

The dude *became more agitated. He did not know how to get rid of this attack of dog. He stepped high, he stepped wide, he stiffened his crisp little leg in the air. The dogs remained by him like a mother's love.

The crisis deepened.

"Send for a 'cop!" said one of the messenger boys jeeringly.

"No; better get an ambulance," said the other. other.
The maiden smiled under cover of her

Suède glove.

"Here, you. Keep perfectly still," said
the proprietor of the dogs. "Fill get 'em
off."

the proprietor of the dogs. "I'll get 'em off."

The dude stood trembling after a chaotic attempt to disengage his attached leg. The dogs were letting off sharp yelps. Hydrophobia and a small funeral danced before the dudelet's fancy like a vision on the Brocken.

The owner proceed to unwind the dogs. He made the two chassez across, balance to partners, right and left, and down the centre around the dude's leg. After a whole series of dance movements the dogs were free of the dude. He straightened out his legs, shook the wrinkles from his trousers, the

all round.

The procession continued up the avenue in its original divisions, the two little dogs still held by the string which bound their young lives temporarily together, but the dude went springing on in the gladness of recovered freedom.

TOO SMALL ORCHESTRAS.

Musiciane Who Accuse Some New York

Managers of Penuriousness. Members of the Musical Mutual Protec tive Union are loud in their praise of Mr. Henry Irving as a substantial and apprecia tive patron of the art, and they take pride in announcing his election as an honorary member of their organization.

At the same time they speak of the penuriousness of some concert, operatic and theatrical managers here in employing small and inadequate forces of musicians in the orches-

tras under their control.

Leading members of the union who were at their headquarters in East Fourth street to-day severely criticised some of the manone leader of an orchestra in a large and popular theatre said; "Mr. Irving's election as an honorary member of our union is significant in more ways than one.

nificant in more ways than one.

"He employs in his orchestra thirty-three musicians and pays them the highest rates, while our theatrical mananers employ a scant force of eight or nine men. Good music cannot be given with such a small corps. I know of one manager who wanted to economize by dropping his viola player, saying that the trombone man would answer as well for all purposes.

many.
"To make good music you have got to have larger forces than are now employed."

NEVER LEARN HOW TO GET A CAR. Some Observations on Women by an Old

Third Avenue Driver. A woman standing on the curbstone in Park row this morning as a Third avenue surface car passed, flourished her shoppingbag at the driver frantically. He was an old and weather-beaten driver

of the typical sort. Without attempting to stop his horses, he held up his reins in an explanatory fashion and yelled in return: I ain't got no wheelbarrow, mum!" "It do beat the divil," he commented to

form with him. "But these women never learn how to git a cyar. I s'pose that leddy expected me to come over to the curbstone after her.
"That's right! That's right!" he yelled at another woman who had signalled to the hunward hound car from a grosswalk on the

at another woman who had signalled to the upward-bound car from a crosswalk on the downtown side of a cross street. "They'll never learn that we don't stop the car with the horses standing across a street."

He waited on the upper crossing for the passenger, looking back to see if she were embarking. The woman's first duty on entering the car was to give the conductor a "piece of her mind" for the act of the driver.

driver.
"Now, I wonder," said the old whip in a remonstrating tone. "I wonder if she thinks I can afford to pay a fine for violatin' the city ordinance just to please her?"

What They Stole.

[Prom Harper's Basar.]
"Darringer, I hear that some robbers broke
into your house last night. What did they steal?" "Nothing, Bromley. They didn't get further than the vestibule. My son came home at midnight and they ran. Well, yes; they did steal several things."

"What?"

"The house-dog, a spring-gun I had set for them and the burgiar alarm."

Practical Warning at the Wagner Seciety. [From Puck.]
Long-Haired Enthusiast—Ah, what costasy and delicious joy to be wafted heavenward on the glorious strains of dear old Wagner!

Cold-blooded Philistine (an invited guest)— That's all right, Siocum; but you're not losing sight of the fact that it's nearly midnight, and raining quite hard, and you know you have a long journey before you to Newark!

A Busy Day. [From the Omaha World.]
Hotel Waiter-You are late for lunch, sir.

Eminent Physician—Yes, I had to finish my mag-azine article on "The Laws of Health" so as to get it into the next mail. What have you to-day?

"Hot rolls, clams, plum pudding, apple dumplings, mince ple and fruit cake."

"Bring 'em all."

Riker's Compound Dandellon Pills the best LIVER Pills you can take. No Mercury, no Aloes, no Jalap. Box (30 pills), 15c.

To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM. Best druggists.

And he retired cabinwards and Edward heard him laughing heartily for a long time. But Edward himself was in no laughing

And then all of a sudden his brain seemed to be set on fire, and his whole being to whirl round in a perfect tempest of wonder, for a suspicion flashed across his mind to which he could give no form in words.

If that suspicion was right, why then there was an end to all his entanglements and vexitiens.

ing over a map of England.
I'm a bit puzzled with this chart of your

station ?

"Yes."
"Far from your place!"
"Three miles."
"Three miles! Well, now, Sir Edward, when we get to London you must do me a favor. Do you lie still in town for a few days, and let me go down to your place. And see if I don't bring you good news when I return—that's all!"

to him?" "Suppose that he came back to me? He will never do that, Ethel, I am afraid, un-"Unless what, dear?"

"Unless what, dear?"
"Unless—I don't know, Ethel; but I don't
think it is possible."
And then the two went on through the
park and spoke little.

It was evening—evening in summer, and
the whole scene lay bathed in the light of the
setting are

the whole scene my banded is gleamed in the setting sun.

The spire of St. Oriel's gleamed in the distance between the trees, and here and there a red-roofed farmhouse gave a little bright color to the prevalent tint of green.

Through one deening vists in the wood there was a glimpse of the sea, apparently very far off, and just now all bright with the sunset. A white sail on the blue water, a

GOOD THINGS IN THE MARKETS.

Dainties in Abundance and Variety at Prices to Suit Everybedy's Purse.

Housekeepers find a good variety in the markets to-day, and at prices which show but slight change from last week. Spring lamb ranges from 14 to 20 cents for fore and hindquarters, and 25 cents for chops, with yearling lamb from 6 to 16 cents, according to the cut. Mutton ranges from 10 cents for cheap cuts to 18 cents for English saddle. Prime rib beef costs 16 to 18 cents, and steaks Prime rib beef costs 16 to 18 cents, and steaks average from 12 cents for rump up to 25 cents for porterhouse, with sirloins at 15 to 18 cents. Veal is unchanged at 16 to 18 cents for loin, 10 to 14 for breast and shoulder, and 25 to 28 cents for cutiets. Pork sells at 12 cents for loins and 18 cents for tenderloins, and sausages at 12 to 16 cents.

In the poultry market fowls bring 16 cents a pound and Western poultry as low as 10 cents. Turkey are from 12 to 18 cents, ducks from 10 to 20 and Philadelphia capons 26 and for the cape are with old-rose crape.

loin, 10 to 14 for breast and shoulder, and 25 to 28 cents for cutlets. Pork sells at 12 cents for loins and 18 cents for tenderloins, and sausages at 12 to 16 cents.

In the poultry market fowls bring 16 cents a pound and Western poultry as low as 10 cents. Turkey are from 12 to 18 cents, ducks from 10 to 20 and Philadelphia capons 26 and Philadelphia chickens 20 cents. For game, quails sell at \$2.50 a dozen: English snipe, \$2.25; small snipe, \$1: rail birds, \$2.50; plover, \$2.25; prairie chicken, \$1.50 a brace; woodcock, \$1.50; partridges, 75 cents to \$1.25; canvasbacks, \$4 to \$5; red heads, \$3 to \$4: mallards, \$1.25, and common wild ucks 60 to 70 cents a brace. Rabbits are cheap at 30 to 50 cents a brace and venison sells at 25 cents a pound.

cheap at 30 to 50 cents a brace and venison sells at 25 cents a pound.

Fish is plentiful and comparatively cheap. Prices are: Bluefish, 18 cents; haddock, 7; cod, 7; fresh mackerel, 20 to 30; stripedbass, 18 to 30; sea-bass, 16; Oregon salmon, 40; salmon-trout, 15; Spanish mackerel, 50; flounders, 10; cels, 18; frost fish, 8; halibut, 20, and smelts 15 cents a pound. Oysters and clams are unchanged. Lobsters are 12 to 15 cents and green-turtle 18 cents a pound.

There is an abundance in the way of vegetables, but they are not always cheap. Tomatoes are 26 cents a quart: lima beans, 25c.; spinach, 25c. a peck; onions, 30c.; turnips, 30c.; sweet potatoes. 50c.; cauliflower, 10c. to 30c. each; egg plant, 15c. to 20c.; French 30c. each; egg plant, 15c. to 20c.; French anchovies, 25c.; squashes, 15c. to 20c.; pump-kins, 10c. to 20c., and mushrooms, 75c. to \$1

kins, 10c. to 20c., and mushrooms, 70c. to \$1 a pound.
Grapes can be bought as follows: Tokay, 25c.; Malagas, 10c. to 25c.; Catawbas, 35c. a pound. Florida and Jamaica oranges are 30c. to 60c. a dozen, and pears from 50c. to \$1 a dozen. Newtosyn pippins bring \$2,50 to \$6 a barrel: S now apples, \$3.50; northern spy, \$2.50; Spitzenbergs, \$2.50; Greenings, \$1.90, and Baldwins, \$2 a barrel. matism. Up to three winters ago I had never known what sickness or pain was; but during the fall and winter of 1884 I had a slight attack of rheumatism, which, however, passed off towards spring, but the following winter it reappeared with greater severity. Not desiring to become crippled I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparills. I took three bottles in all, and I am pleased to act the chapter of the contraction of the contrac

THE CHINAMAN KEPT ON GOING.

A Heartless Practical Joke Played by the Conductor of a Cable Car.

A cable car rumbled catmly through Washington Heights yesterday afternoon. In it were three ladies on their way home from the Masonic Fair, two young men going to a din-THE WORLD reporter who occupied the plat- ner, and a Chinese laundryman, who for purposes of euphony may be called Ah Sin.

The Chinamen deposited two large bun dles on the rear platform and watched the flying cable with deep interest. "Him stling pullee car," said he, when saked what he was looking at. "Him velly

asked what he was looking at. "Him velly stlong stling."

The Chinaman was apparently on his way to see Lawson N. Fuller, for he called the attention of the conductor to the One Hundred and fifty-fifth street crossing and picked up his bundles.

"Ketch onto his jags now," said the conductor as a suspicious grin overspread his features.

features.
"Allee lightee; stoppee car," sang out Ah Sin.

The conductor threw himself upon the brake with all his strength. The car nearly stood on end with the force of the shock. Ah Sin kept right on going, however, and, with a bundle under each arm, he rolled over and over until he brought up with a brake against a lampost.

whack against a lamppost.

Ah Sin arose slowly and painfully and rubbed the mud out of his eyes. Then he looked at the car with an expression of mingled doubt and surprise, and said: "Did him sting bloke?"

suggestions to Women Who Like to Dress

Well on Little Money. [From Harper's Basar.]
The shops are filled with good wool fabrics of single color and double]told, sold for 50 cents to 75 cents a yard, that will make pretty and serviceable dresses for the house, and that will also be warm enough for the street when worn under a long cloak or ulster. The combination dress patterns that merchants have arranged for holiday sales are partiy of plain wool and partly of velver, either striped or barred, in similar color to that of the wool or uncontrast with it. These cost from \$7.50 up to \$12 or \$15 the pattern, and come in stylish shades of blue, green or terra-cotta, with twilled surface, smooth like camel's hair, or else like the beaver diagonal serges. The green wools with green and red velvet make pretty dresses for young women, and there are Gobelin blue shades with blue and brown velvet for those who are older. The fancy is to make the lower skirt of such dresses perfectly plain, and nearly cover it with a long full round overskirt. The velvet serves as part of the lower skirt, set on as a wide border, either at the edge or three or four inches above it, or else, if there is enough, it may simulate the entire lower skirt. Rows of stutching above a hem are the only finish required for the overskirt. The basque is plainly fitted, with vest, plastron, or revers of the velvet.

Garibaldi waists with a pointed yoke and belt are the fashlonable day corsage with English women. nough for the street when worn under a long

LYCEUM THEATRE.

The New Comedy.

MATINER SATURDAY.

THE WIFE.

As they sat they were unaware of a man who saw them from the high-road outside and stole towards them through the trees until he was near enough to hear what they said.

"It was Christmas," Di was saying as the listener came close enough to hear, "when Edward went; I think it was four days before Christmas. Mr. Hemming had been in the parish only a little time. He had come to the hall that morning to see papa on business of some kind, and he stayed till the afternoon. He was walking back to the village, and Edward said he would walk a little way with him. I met him in the hall, just as he was taking a cigar-case out of his pocket, and he told me he was going out with Mr. Hemming, and that he should not be long away. Then he went, and I never saw him again.

"We had some people to dinner that night; but Edward never returned. I was not uneasy at first, for I thought he might have been called to the Place, and that he would come back later on. But he never came back, And oh, Ethel, it was terrible—the suspense, the uncertainty, the feeling that one didn't know where he was or why he was gone!"

"Yes" said Ethel. As they sat they were unaware of a man who

he was gone

from Di before.

"He must come back." she said presently.
"Perhaps. At any rate, I shall trust him."
"It seems very strange."
"I fancy all manner of things. I sometimes think he will come back to me, and all

SKIN TORTURES That Defy All Other Remedies

Buy the Sunday World and take a glimpse into

the Turkish harems with Mrs. Lew Wallace,

Joe Davis's Joke on the Constable.

for some time on a charge of passing counterfeit

Do You Suffer

From rheumatism? If so, read the following "voluntary tribute" from a reliable, conscientious man, which appeared in the Geneva, N. Y., Gasette, Jan. 21, 1887, entirely unknown to us till after its publication:

"Without doubt a large proportion of those who have passed the meridian of life suffer more or less from rheumatism."

matism. Up to three winters ago I had never kno

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.

HOP MANN CONCERTS.

Under the personal direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY.

Tues., Dec. 18, at 8.18, Thurs., Dec. 18, at 8.90 o'clock.

JOSEF HOFMANN,

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ARABIAN NIGHTS.

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I have been afflicted since last March with a skin disease the doctors called Eczems. My face was covered with scabs and sores and the itching and burning werr almost unbearable. Seeing your CUTICUMA REMEDIAS so highly recommended, concluded to give them a trial, using the CUTICUMA and CUTICUMA SOAF externally, and RESOLVENT internally, for four months. I call myself cured, in gratitude for which I make this publicatement.

Mrs. CLARA A. FREDERIUM.

Broad Brook, Conn.

SCALP, FACE, EARS and NECK. I was afflicted with Eczema on the Scalp, Face, Hars and Neck, which the druggist, where I got your remedies, prenounced one of the worst cases that had consumed this notice. He advised me to try your CUTIGUTA REMEDIES, and after five days use my scalp and part of my face were entirely cured, and I hope in another week to have my ears, neck and the other part of my face oured.

120 East 4th st. New York. [From the Pittsburg Commercial,]
The redoubtable Joe Davis, a notorious crook wanted in several places in Ohio on various charges, returned to his old home and family at Butler last Saturday. He had been wanted there

money. Yesterday Constable Hughes arrested him. Joe marched with the officer meek as a lamb for a time, when, apparently in sport, he begon to southe, and dexterously relieved the officer of his revolver. In an instant the muzzle of the weapon was in close proximity to Hughes' face, and the defiant warrant, "Hands off!" came from Davis as he cooly walked off down the railroad, turning on his way to fire one shot over the town. Then, firing the remaining shots, he laid the revolver on a tie and disappeared from the gaze of the officer into the woods. Having used your Curricular REMEDIES for eighteen months for Tetter and finally cured it, I am anxious to get it to edit to early remedien commission. I can recommend it beyone any remedien bave ever used for Tetter, Burns, Onia to In fact, it is the best medicine I have ever tried for anything.

E. S. HORTON. Myrtle, Miss.

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AMUSEMENTS.

say the rheumatic pains ceased, my appetite and diges-tion became better, and my general health greatly im-proved. I am firmly convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla effected a cure in my case, as I have felt no recurrence of the blood disease." WM. SCOON, Geneva, N. Y. CORNER 318T ST. AND 3D. AVE.
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BEWARE of SPECULATORS
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accompanied by Mme. HELLNE HASTREITER, Prima Donna Contralty; Theo. Bjorksten, Tenor; Sig. De An-na, Baritone; Miss. Nettic Carpenter, Violiniate: Mme. Ferrari, Accompaniat; Mme. Sacconi, Harpist, and Adolph Neuendorff's Grand Orchestra. Seats now on sale. Weber Grand Piano used. UNION SQUARE THEATRE, J. M. HILL, Man The Comedian Rolls of the Comedian Rolls of the Comedian Rolls of J. M. Hill and Joseph Breeks in the great American Comedy, THE HENRIETTA, by Bronson Howard.

Byenings at 8.15. Saturday Matines at 2. Carriages, 10.45. Seats secured two weeks in advance.

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TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. 14TH ST.
HARRY WILLIAMS'S OWN COMPANY.

MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

"Is it—can it be true? But the other

woman—my wife?"
"She's not your wife."
"Not my wife?"
"No, sir. She's mine!"

listener, who was none other than Mr. Washington Briggs, came forth, having learnt something, and went on his way to

himself.

He pulled himself and his reflections up on the curbstone to let a vehicle go by. A little child stood perilously near to the wheels; he picked it up and set it down in safety on the

Briggs."
Back again, Briggs?"

earn more.

"The same, sir."
"And?"
"And successful beyond all my glowing expectations.

d'ye hear?"

And with exceeding volubility of manner,
Mr. Briggs pushed his companion into a han-

120 East 4th st., New York. TETTER FINALLY CURED.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and cily skin pre-

IT STOPS THE PAIN.

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Seats in advance without extra charge. New Songs. So.

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Positively last Three Weeks of
DENMAN THOMPSON
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Gallery, 25c.; Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., 61, and 61.00. 5TH AVENUE THEATRE. TO NIGHT AT 8.

THE BECUM.

BY THE MCCAULL OPERA COMPANY.

Monday, Dec. 12, "A HOLE IN THE GROUND."

WALLACK'S.
Evenings at S.15. Matines Saturday at 2.15.
Evenings at S.15. Matines Saturday at 2.15.
Characters by Messrs. Oamond Tearle, Harry Edwards,
J. W. Pigott, Mine. Fonisi, Miss Netta Guion and Miss
Rose Cognian. POOLE'S THEATRE, Sthat, bet, tham, & Bwar, 10c, 20c, 30c, Mata, Mon., Wed., Thur., Sal, The Great Melodrama in Splendid Style, "THE STRANGLERS OF PARIS."

DEC. 12-The Hit, ONE MILLION DOLLARS. Rose Coglian.

BJOU OPERA HOUSE—RIGHTH WEEK.
RICE'S BURLESQUE COMPANY,
60 ARTISTS.

Eve's at 8 (sharp), Mat's Wed & Sata 2

A RMORY HALL VAUDEVILLE THEATER,
158 and 160 Heater st.
All Star Novelty Company Every Night.

The American rose and put his hand on Sir Edward's shoulder.
"My lad, you can marry Miss Leighton to-

At last Edward spoke.
"Your wife?"
"My wife."
"I don't understand."

Perhaps not.

"Your marriage."
Before yours. This woman is the one I told you of, who deceived me."
Then my marriage with her is quite null

"It is."
"Thank God!" said Edward fervently.
"Certainly," said Mr. Briggs, speaking
with his mouth full of cold beef; "and me

Miss Charteris, with her many aliases, has long since disappeared from Elmsea. The sight of Mr. Washington Briggs, who presented himself before her on the day whereon she was to have been married to Mr. Hemming, was too much for her, and she fied.

Mr. Hemming soon after left the village, but he has recently revisited it and taken a wife away with him in the person of Ethel Vernon.

which burnt a single

few minutes' silence. "I'm tired of this. I'm dead beat with it, sir. I want to get out of it and go back to civilization. Grubbing for

Edward listened to this tirade with feelings

Mr. Briggs sank into the nearest chair and

about it? I can't see anything. I married a woman who turned out a tartar very soon, and finally, after we were married only a month or two, set off with everything she could get hold of, while I was sick nearly to death. But there's an end of every case, to Now, you want to be married to a lady—and here's the other party in the way. The about it? I can't see anything. I married a

nered, I fear."
"I fear so too. You see what we have to pay for our youthful mistakes."
"It's queer too, is that. She was—now that's very strange."
Mr. Briggs had grown suddenly thoughtful, and he spoke as if oblivious of a second person's presence.

to know my socret.

Law het is it, Brigger Tall me."

Law het is it, Brigger Tall me."

Mos Ro, lad, no—not yet, Some day soon,
when I'm quite sure I'm right in my present
suspicions, I will tell you, but not till then.

But eh, what fun it will be if I am right!"

Elmsea. And then all of a sudden his brain seemed

"I'm a bit puzzled with this chart of your great country, baronet," he said. "Where's this place of yours, and what do you call the county or State, or whatever it is?" Edward pointed Oldshire out and indicated the exact position of Lascelles place.

The American nodded.
"Exactly. Then this town"—indicating Oldborough—" will be your nearest railway station?"

"And suppose," said Ethel, "that Edward came back to you, Di, what would you say

eagull flapping is long loose wings over the mast and the bright bit of red, white and blue, which did duty as a flag at the mast-

planation."
'Never mind, dear," said Ethel; "it must come right in time."

They sat down beneath an old elm, whose thick branches hung low, and talked of Ed-

times think he will come back to me, and all will be right again."

"I am sure it will be so, Di."

The listener under the big ash-tree smiled, and felt inclined to come out of his hiding-place, and speak to the two girls. Upon second consideration, however, he decided that that would spoil all.

"I suppose," said Dina presently, "that Mr. Hamming is to be married soon to Miss Charteris. Ethel, who is Miss Charteris?"

"I don't know, Di."

"Where did she come from?"

"I don't know that either."

"I heard something about her knowing him years and years ago."

"Did she know him before he took her off "I suppose so, from his own account."

"And they were really to be married?"

"Yes; next week, I believe."

"Next week? Really, that seems very soon. I suppose she is a good church-woman?"

She seems so." There was a long pause then, broke at last Ethel," she said, "do you think Mr.

"Ethel," she said, "do you think Mr.
Hemming really cares much for Miss
Charteris?"
Ethel looked surprised.
"I don't know," she said; "but surely he
must, seeing ishe is to be his wife. Why do
you ask?"
"Because I am firmly convinced that he is
about to marry her merely to save a scandal "Because I am firmly convinced that he is about to marry her merely to save a scandal. Miss Spicer, it seems, took offence because this stranger had so much given her to do in the parish, and she began circulating rumors about Mr. Hemming and Miss Charteris; and, of course, he heard of it; and, as he is an honorable man, what else could he do but marry her?"

The two girls moved away then, and the The two girls moved away then, and the

Sir Edward Lascelles stood in St. Martin's lane, looking gloomily at the hurrying life about him.

Briggs had been gone some days, and the young man had heard nothing from him. He oung man had heard nothing from him. He egan to wish he had gone down to Elmser

pavement.
"That's the style, baronet," said a well-known voice. "Humanity and love for the known voice. 'Humanity and love for the young invariably meet the approbation of yours once more and forever, Washington C.

expectations."
Briggs!"
"Now look here, baronet," said Mr. Briggs,
"you come with me to your rooms and I'll
unfold the tale in due course. Nice day,
ain't it? Busy place, this. Hi, cabby, you
drive us to Jermyn street as fast as you can,
dire hear?"

som, and followed himself, to keep up a con-tinuous flow of small talk till Sir Edward's tinuous flow of small talk till Sir Edward's rooms were reached.

"Now," said the latter, throwing himself in a chair and endeavoring to repress the agitation which had taken complete possession of him. "Now, Briggs, tell me."

Mr. Briggs looked disgusted.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Want me to tell you everything when I'm as hungry as a hunter?"

Edward rang the bell.

"Some food for Mr. Briggs, Robert, quick! Now, Briggs, you have"—

"An uncommon appetite, Sir Edward."

"Briggs, don't tease me! Don't you see how impatient I am?"

The American rose and put his hand on

The two sat staring at each other a long Robert brought in food and wine, and coughed discreetly: but there was no re-sponse to his invitation to eat and drink, so he betook himself to other regions.

When was it?"
When was what?" asked Mr. Briggs.

Vernon.

As to Sir Edward, he is long since married to Diana Leighton, and has well-nigh ceased to remember the time of despondency from which he was rescued by "His Wife's Other Husband."

[BY J. S. P.] Concluded from Friday. Concluded from Friday.

(STNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.—In a little fishing village on the British coast the Rev. Godfrey Hemming was preaching his first sermon to a new charge one stormy Sanday morning. A minute gun at sea told the story of a vessel on the rocks. The minister dismissed the congregation and joined a life-boat crew in aiding to rescue the passengers and crew on the sinking ship. He drew one half-drowned woman from the waves, and she exclaimed:

"Why, Godfrey Hemming, is it you?"

The vicar started like one shot, and stood where he was, seemingly petrified.

"Violet!" he said; "Violet—you! Is it possible!"

UT in Australia, in s hut beneath the shadow of a great mountain, before a

to marry Diana Leighion. The woman Hemming rescued was an adventuress whom Lascelles had married, but they separated, and he believed he

husband. He paid her money to let him alone and immediately left the country, without a word of farewell or explanation to Diana Leighton. Violet was in love with Hemming and resolved to win him if she could.] mountain, before a great fire, with a dog asleep on the floor in front of it, two men were seated smoking by a li by a little table on

candle.

"Sir," said the elder of the men, puffing a great cloud of smoke from his pipe and starting moodily into the fire, "women are at the bottom of every row. From Helen of Troy—nay, from Eve herself, it has ever been so. Is it a war? There's some court favorite at the bottom of it. Is it a duel? Ten to one a woman's the cause of it. Woman! Gad! it here's no word have enough to apply to some women."

The distribution of the party I'm thinking of "."

Edward pondered a moment.

It was a relief to find that he was not alone in having to suffer.

"Tell me about it, Briggs," he said.

"It wouldn't interest you," he said, gloomily. "But I say, baronet, suppose and tells the other? Maybe we can help one another out a bit. Who knows?"

Sir Edward took up his gun and moved towards the door.

"Walk with me to my hut, Briggs," he said. "We can talk as we go."

So on the way they communaed together.

Sir Edward told his some start fright granded to the way they communaed together.

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"It so having to suffer.

"It wouldn't interest you," he said, "It wouldn't interest you," he s

rut, and he spoke as ir oblivious of a second person's presence.

"Sir Edward," he said presently, "I'm going home, See you again later on."

When he got to his hut he sat down and laughed till the tears rolled down his face.

"Ha, ha! Well, if this ain't a rum go!" he said. "I do believe I'm on the track. I've hit it—I see it all."

He stopped short and his countenance be-

tences to himself and disturbed his companion's peace of mind to an eminent degree.

"There's fun waiting us in that old land of
yours, baronet," he said one day. "There's
immense fun. I laugh to think of it."

Sir Edward stared at him.

"Briggs," he asked. "whatever is the
matter with you? What is the meaning of
this altered conduct? You used to be as
grave as a judge out there, but now— What
is it?"

here's the other party in the way. The woman is your wife, you see. You're cor-nered I fear."

he said. "I do believe I'm on the track. I've hit it—I see it all."
He stopped short, and his countenance became suddenly very grave.
"It won't be any better for me, though.
Never mind, it'll make the poor baronet all right. But let's see. Of course," he suddenly burst out—"divorce! That's it—why didn't I think of it sooner? Hooray!"
And Mr. Briggs commenced a war-dance round the hut in energetic style. He snapped his fingers, executed several break-downs and committed all manner of unaccountable actions till he was fairly out of breath.
"It's wonderful," he said at last. "how one little word helps to throw light upon a subject! Ah. it was quite an inspiration, my asking him that question."
When, a few days after, Sir Edward and Mr. Briggs set their faces towards England, the American was still in an excited state; he cracked his fingers, muttered strange sentences to himself and disturbed his companion's peace of mind to an eminent degree.
"There's four wasting us in that old land of

is it?"

The American laughed long and loudly.

"It's a secret, sir. It's worth all your money and your acres to know what I think I know to-day. You'd give your right hand

But Edward himself was in no laughing humor. It was a terribly grim, earnest business for him, this going home.

He thought of his wife, and his blood boiled and his teeth met together very tightly. And then he thought of Di, and knew that he would give everything he possessed to see her again, even though they would still be separated by a wider and more impassable gulf than when he was in Australia, and she at Elmsea.

He went below and found Briggs busy por-

blue, which did duty as a hag at the masthead, finished the picture.

"Why did he go?" asked Ethel.
Di shook her head,

"I never knew, Ethel, but I am sure of one
thing, and that is that Edward had a good
reason for going. He gave me no word of
explanation."

"Never mind, dear," said Ethel: "it must

ne was gone:"
"Yes," said Ethel.
She had never heard the facts of the case from Di before.